Meſſ. At Billingſgate my Lord.

Falſt. I hope my Lord al's wel,what is the newes my lord?

Lord Come all his forces backe?

Meſſ. No,fifteen hundred foot,fiue hundred horſe
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland,and the Archbiſhop.

Falſt. Comes the King back from Wales,my noble lord?

Lord You ſhall haue letters of me preſently,
Come,go along with me,good maſter Gower.

Falſt. My lord.

Lord Whats the matter?

Falſtaffe Maiſter Gower, ſhall I intreate you with mee to dinner?

Gower I muſt waite vpon my good lord here,I thank you good ſir Iohn.

Lord Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take ſouldiers vp
In Counties as you go.

Falſtaffe Will you ſuppe with mee maiſter Gower?

Lord What fooliſh maiſter taught you theſe manners,ſir Iohn?

Falſtaffe Maiſter Gower,if they become me not,hee was a foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace,my Lord,tap for tap,and ſo part faire.

Lord Now the Lord lighten thee,thou art a great foole.

Enter the Prince,Poynes,ſir Iohn Ruſſet,with other.

Prince Before God,I am exceeding weary.

Poynes Is't come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attacht one of ſo hie bloud.

Prince Faith it does me,though it diſcolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not ſhew vildly in me,to deſire ſmall beere?

Poynes Why a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a compoſition.

Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth,I do now remember the poor creature ſmal beere.

But

But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me
with my greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to mee to
thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take
many paire of ſilke ſtockings thou haſt with theſe,
that were thy peach coloured once,or to beare the inu
thy ſhirts,as one for ſuperfluitie, and another for vſe
the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it
of linnen with thee when thou keepeſt not racket the
haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of the lo
tries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whe
that bal out the ruines of thy linnen ſhal inherite his
but the Midwiues ſay, the children are not in the fau
vpon the world increaſes, and kinreds are mightily
ned.

Poynes How ill it followes, after you haue labore
you ſhould talke ſo ydlely! tell me how many good y
ces woulde doe ſo,their fathers being ſo ſicke, as yo
time is.

Prince Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?

Poynes Yes faith,and let it be an excellent good t

Prince It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher
then thine.

Poynes Go to,I ſtand the puſh of your one thing
will tell.

Prince Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I ſhoul
now my father is ſicke,albeit I could tell to thee, as
pleaſes me for fault of a better to call my friend,I coul
and ſad indeede too.

Poynes Very hardly, vpon ſuch a ſubiect.

Prince By this hand, thou thinkeſt me as farre in t
booke, as thou and Falſtaffe, for obduracie and perſ
let the end trie the man,but I tel thee, my heart bleeds
ly that my father is ſo ſick, and keeping ſuch vile com
thou arte, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentatio
rowe.

Poynes The reaſon.